

Five Firsts

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Five Firsts

by [Fandomgeekery_\(Astrogeekery\)](#).

Summary

A look at five firsts in Allen Jones and Kuro Honda's relationship.

First Kiss

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

““Sup, gorgeous. Keepin’ that ass tight for Papa?”

“Mr. Jones, please take your seat and stay quiet. You don’t want to be here any longer than you already have to,” sighed the ISS teacher from behind his magazine. Allen ignored the adult, instead leering at Kuro Honda as he slung his backpack next to the seat directly behind the Japanese boy. Kuro clenched his fist, but otherwise gave no outward sign of his irritation as he continued to diligently pencil in his homework.

Allen kicked his feet up on the desk, arms behind his head. It earned him an annoyed glare from the teacher, but he didn’t say anything and Allen didn’t move. When he pulled out his phone, however, the teacher had to put his magazine down. “Mr. Jones, you are expected to be working on homework during this time and nothing else. If you need something to work on, we can find *plenty* of things for you to do.”

Allen pondered it for a moment, sticking out his busted lip and raising an eyebrow above a black eye. “Nah,” he decided and went back to scrolling aimlessly through his phone.

“You are here for fighting. Do you really want to be here *longer* for *not doing your homework*?” Whoops. Mr. ISS-Guard had him there. With a great show of reluctance, Allen put his phone away and dragged out his beat up folder of schoolwork. He probably couldn’t afford not to do that math homework if he wanted to graduate, anyway.

Kuro laughed at him. Except, Kuro didn’t *laugh*. He did this stupid thing where he blew air out of his nose at a slightly higher volume than usual. “Think it’s funny, do ya? You’re here with me, motherfucker,” Allen griped.

“And whose fault is that?” Kuro asked evenly, words perfectly articulated so that none of his meaning could be lost.

“Boys. Stop it. It’s both of your faults. You were both caught *fighting*. That’s why you’re stuck with me,” the teacher interjected, not happy about his lot in life either.

And so they were quiet. Mostly.

Allen got bored with his math homework. Making spitballs out of his homework and aiming them at Kuro’s hair didn’t grab the teach’s attention. Kuro giving him a look over his shoulder didn’t grab the teacher’s attention either. Nor did Allen giving his rival a wink and a crooked grin-- an absolutely gruesome expression with his messed up face (courtesy of none other than Kuro Honda himself). Nor did Kuro’s dumb little *I’m serious* glare and lowly growled “Stop.”

The teach didn’t hear Allen’s suggestive comment about white stuff covering Kuro’s hair.

The teach noticed when Kuro Honda stood abruptly and smirked when Allen flinched, instinctively going to cover his face. Allen wasn't one to just *take* being *smirked* at by some douchebag like Kuro, so he stood up too. Kuro didn't flinch, even though Allen had left his own mark on the kid-- as evidenced by the bandage over his right cheek when Allen's punch broke the skin.

They could play each other like harps.

Kuro could stand a lot of things. *Hated* lewd comments, though. *Especially* those that recognized the fact that he was gay. The kid wasn't ashamed of it anymore than Allen was of being hella queer just the same, but something about it being used against him could *really* press his buttons.

Allen had gotten a *bit* better about picking fights when he got into high school. *Hated* Kuro, though. Allen didn't deny that he was a douchebag himself. Kuro was also a douchebag. But his douchebaggery was just *not* compatible with *Allen's* brand of douchebaggery. And Kuro had found out that if he *didn't react* to Allen's bullshit or *patronized* him for it, it pissed the American off *so much more*.

The teach stood up unsurely as the two teenagers glared each other down, chest to chest. "Sit. Down," the teacher said through gritted teeth. "Stay. Quiet."

They were moved to opposite sides of the room for the remainder of their week together.

It didn't stop the bullshit between them, though.

Allen made his comments. Kuro clenched his fists. They *royally* pissed each other off. The teach didn't notice.

It must have been the third or fourth day of their school-mandated quarantine when Kuro decided he was *quite* through with Allen. The kid was tired. Must've stayed up all night finishing that essay he hadn't gotten to because Allen was conspicuously snapping photos and throwing spitballs from across the room (i.e. being enough of a distraction that Kuro just ground his teeth and his pencil lead until the day was *over*). Exhausted, the bandage on his cheek itching him somethin' awful the way he was picking at the sweaty thing in the stifling room, and *hating* inappropriate gay comments.

A whole day had passed without incidents their teacher/guard had noticed. The idiot decided for some reason that the kids who were literally in in-school-suspension for fighting each other and made a point to irritate each other continuously... he decided that *these kids* would be alright alone for five minutes while he ran to take a piss across the school when there was no one else to play stand-in guard.

Ha.

Allen found himself all up in Kuro's face before he knew it. "Whatsa matter, babe? Whattaya say we take this back to my place and blow off a little steam? Parents won't be home." Kuro didn't blush; he never blushed. Besides, he wasn't *embarrassed* anyway. He didn't get angry, not outwardly-- he was too tired for this horse shit and his shining, perfect grades were being

affected by this dumb essay that he *still* hadn't gotten finished and Kuro Honda was *done*. Allen scoffed, smiling down at the shorter kid. "Pssh. Betcha never even been kissed."

Kuro had that look about him that he got when he was determining which manner of reacting would grind Allen's gears the *most*. And, based on that-- not any sense of *logic* or thought of consequences-- Kuro made his decision.

Kuro Honda was lightning fast, which was the reason the kid had gotten in so many punches on Allen and gotten him on the ground before school resource officers had pulled them apart with fists flying and feet kicking and teeth gnashing. Allen couldn't even make a noise as Kuro grabbed a handful of his auburn hair and *ripped* him down to his level.

Then, their mouths were connected in an intense, bruising kiss that felt more like fighting against Allen's fucked-up face than the punches had.

And then he was against a wall and then there was tongue in his mouth and holy *shit* he was good at this *fuck* how the *fuck*. This was *Honda Kuro* kissing *Allen Jones* with *tongue*. What the *fuck*?

After the shock had left him, it occurred to him that this probably shouldn't be happening. Allen kicked him as hard as he could in the shin to make him *get away*. It worked. The two broke apart, panting and gasping for air.

What was that? *What was that*?!

And what the *fuck* was this feeling?

Did Allen really just get his first kiss from someone he hated?

(But did he not hate it?)

Allen stood there, blinking and wide-eyed and gaping at Kuro. Kuro was red and pissy as a cat. After giving the American the finger, Kuro stomped away leaving Al alone and confused with the words '*wait, don't go*' stuck on his tongue.

That kiss fucked with Allen. He couldn't get it out of his mind. So, naturally, after both of their ISS sentences were over and done with, Allen went to confront him about it.

Because, seriously, what the fuck?

Allen started out closing Kuro's locker door nearly on the black-haired boy's fingers right after school. He ended up kissing the boy heatedly against those lockers. Which, of course, led to Kuro promptly shoving him away. But then. It led to Kuro gesturing with his chin for Al to join him hiding in a closet where they could initiate a good and proper make out session.

Shoutout to I_am_a_Ruin here on AO3 and SamTheMooseHuman on iFunny for inspiration and help editing!

First Date

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Take one:

Getting just one taste wasn't enough for either of them. Their secret little make out sessions became a thing that happened on a *regular basis*. They were still totally rivals, though. These *sessions* of theirs didn't mean *anything*. Nothing was 'going on' between them. There was nothing between them! Allen Jones with Kuro Honda *yeah right!* It was just kissing. It was fine.

So there they were-- Allen with Kuro's tongue down his throat with a sense of urgency about it in the sweltering summer air, hiding in the darkness of the empty football locker room. Allen had gotten himself kicked off the team freshman year for his bad attitude and his fighting, but that didn't stop him from soaking up the coach's sympathy and getting him some volunteer hours as water and laundry boy. Coach had left an hour ago, assuming Allen would be fine finishing up with the practice jerseys on his own. Kuro had stepped inside not five minutes later.

Kuro Honda's fingers were cold and gentle as they tilted Allen's face up to his, not betraying any of the strength behind his kisses. Allen, being Allen, didn't like to make it *easy* for Kuro to have his way with his mouth... But *God* he melted so fast under Kuro's ministrations.

Kuro never lost his intensity, never failed to overwhelm and consume all of Allen's senses. And Allen tangled his fingers in that boy's hair so he wouldn't leave and all he had to do was lazily wrap his tongue around Kuro's, gliding together effortlessly as Kuro pushed and pulled at him, never mind the mess they both were between the sweat and the spit.

They came up for air. Kuro stroked some of the hair out of Allen's face as they both panted, hot breaths intermingling in the already-muggy atmosphere of the un-air-conditioned locker room. Allen's heart skipped a beat at the almost-tender action. He laughed nervously, hoping to diffuse the moment. "Netflix and chill back at my place, doll?" he asked cheekily, not expecting anything from it but a look of disgust or a scoff from the Japanese boy.

Kuro grinned. GRINNED. It scared the hell out of Allen. He had a madman's gleam in his eye as he replied with an "*Absolutely.*"

Oh shit.

Allen caught his breath, then lost it again. Oh *shit*. Alright. Okay. Allen squinted at Kuro, untrusting. Nah. He couldn't be *serious* ... could he? Then again. They'd just spent, like, an hour making out in a locker room. Allen could hardly be *blamed* for his hard on, not with Kuro holding him in place so firmly and kissing him so hard and fast and long and *good*... Fuck. Yeah. Alright. He was a horny teenager. You couldn't *blame him*.

Looking at Kuro's face, though, he was pretty convinced he was going to be *literally* murdered by this kid. Maybe it would be payback for getting him put in ISS or punching him in the face or something.

But also. He might get laid. Priorities.

So he took Kuro home. They were quiet as they walked from the locker room to Allen's shitty rust-bucket of a car. They didn't speak the entire ride home-- Allen thought maybe he could do that thing where you reach over and squeeze your partner's thigh as you're driving 'em home. But he didn't for fear that Kuro break his wrist or decide that it was murder time before Allen got any action. Kuro was silent when they arrived back at Allen's, nodding to Allen ever-so-politely when he opened the door for him, but otherwise *nothing*. Yeah most definitely some murderer-y behavior right there.

Allen's downstairs brain didn't give half a shit.

His dads were still at work. His brother had some hockey shit to do. They wouldn't be home for hours. Shit, they had *hours* alone together. Allen's heart dropped to his stomach for what must have been the thousandth time.

Allen closed the door behind the two of them, his hair already on end and Little Allen *definitely* showing interest. What was he supposed to do? Was he supposed to take his hand and lead him to his bed or something? Fuck. What was he expected to do? Lube was a thing you needed for this shit, right? Dad and Papa should have some, being the gaylords they were. Yeah, no. Gonna stop that train of thought right there. *Gross. Gross, gross, gross.* Allen didn't need that mental image.

Cross off butt stuff, then, maybe? What did that leave? What did Kuro want? Should he ask? Was that a thing you *asked*? Or was that just a thing you figured out along the way after you were all hot and bothered from making out? Maybe he'd get some head and could just... sit back and relax and enjoy the show? *Jesus*, what if *Kuro* expected to get some head?

Kuro was watching him, calculating as usual but also mildly concerned going off his drawn-together eyebrows. He had real nice eyebrows... Focus. He was Allen Jones. He could do this. It was just Netflix and chill.

So he led Kuro down to his basement where they had a nice, big ol' Netflix-equipped TV and a nice, big ol' comfy couch. Allen flicked on the TV, flicked on some Netflix, and flicked on the first longass documentary he came across. Somethin' about giraffes or some shit like that.

Kuro sat down on the edge of the sofa, prim and proper as you please. Fuck.

Allen slumped beside him, flopping an arm over Kuro's shoulders. He didn't protest or punch him, so Allen was thinking this was going pretty damn well so far. Well, Allen was still probably sweaty and disgusting from the locker room, but Kuro hadn't said anything so neither would Allen. The lights were off, they were all cuddled up-- Kuro even leaning slightly into Allen, though he still gave off that '*it is your privilege to touch me*' vibe--, Netflix on, home alone, comfy couch, raging boner. The mood was set.

Allen waited. The giraffes on the screen were doing their thing, eating leaves and shit. Kuro sat watching *them*, not even *looking* at Allen. Allen was looking at *him*, pretty sure that staring would tip him off that *hey*, Allen wasn't *here* to watch *giraffes*. Kuro didn't so much as glance at him. He had a lovely profile, Allen decided. Angular and gorgeous. Would be lovelier if he was on his knees between Allen's legs, *but* it was just suggestion... and not one that Allen had the balls to voice out loud to Kuro who inexplicably seemed engrossed in the movie. Cold feet? Maybe just wanting to stretch out the anticipation?

Shit. Did Kuro... Did Kuro know what 'Netflix and chill' meant?

Surely he *had* to know... But shit. What if Kuro honestly thought that Allen would be the type to watch documentaries on giraffes the first time he took a hot guy home. Shit. Did that mean that Kuro might think this was a *date* and they were *dating*? Shit, *were they dating*?

The giraffes continued to go about their business, narrated by some British guy who was trying to create suspense out of the lives of *giraffes*. What a fuckin' loser. Yet, there they were watching it, so he didn't have much room to talk, Allen supposed.

Maybe Kuro expected *him* to initiate things...? Oh. Yeah, that must be it. Of course.

Allen reached over slowly, cautiously like he might approach a wild animal. Goal: put hand on Kuro's knee. Allen wasn't sure exactly how that would seduce his hot date, but it was worth a fuckin' *try*.

He hadn't even touched the damn knee yet. Kuro turned his head wielding his signature murderous glare, eyes looking between Allen's face and Allen's hand hovering above his knee. Allen, aiming to keep his hand, retracted his hand. Kuro went back to watching giraffes. So no initiating on Allen's part.

Surely Kuro was just being a douche and tryna give him blue balls or something, right? He'd initiate it... right?

Two and a half hours. Two and a half *motherfucking hours* of *giraffes*.

Allen kept expecting something to happen. Kuro would shift. Kuro would stretch out his legs. Each time, Allen's heart would skip a beat and he would think that *this must be it*. But no. Did it handle the extremely uncomfortable situation of a primed and ready dick? No. No it did not. Did it help? Most *certainly* not. Allen would adjust himself, legit needing the adjustment, but also hoping that it may give Kuro some dick-related ideas. But no.

They watched the giraffes. Two. And a half. Motherfucking hours. Of giraffes.

And Allen was left to stew. And Kuro sat there, watching the giraffes.

But then, oh but then, the giraffes were *over*! Surely, *surely* something would happen *now*.

Kuro got up and looked down at Allen expectantly. *Fucking finally*. He let his cocky grin spread back over his face, leaning back and hoping he looked rather appetizing. He even did some of that muscle-flexing bullshit for the sake of *maybe he's into muscles; I work out*.

“C’mere, dollface,” Allen tried to make his voice all sexy and sultry as he gave Kuro that *come hither* chin, arms stretched over the back of the couch and legs spread plenty invitingly. Kuro blinked at him, seeming to be confused despite his neutral expression remaining unchanged.

“What do you mean?” Kuro asked, bored. “Aren’t you going to take me back home? Thank you for the documentary, but I must be going,” he said, all formal and polite. *Fuck*.

“I...” Allen started before trailing off. “Yeah, alright.”

Allen drove him home, following Kuro’s directions. They pulled up in front of his place and Kuro did that exhale-through-the-nose laugh that he did. Allen looked over at him questioningly to find him looking very... *smug* about himself. What?

Kuro leaned across the console to give Allen a deep, intimate kiss that left him aching for more as he ran his thin fingers down the American’s chest. “You absolute Neanderthal, Allen Jones,” Kuro mused in his ear, warm breath ghosting over the sensitive skin of his neck and making him shiver despite the heat. “What kind of man do you take me for?” He pulled away. Allen was confused. Then, he understood. The corner of Kuro’s mouth twitched upwards as he watched the horrified realization dawn on Allen.

“Motherfucker! You knew! You fucking *knew*!” Kuro rolled his eyes at him and opened the car door.

“Of course I ‘knew’ what you were expecting, which made it all the more fun to watch you flounder.” Allen opened and closed his mouth like a fish, speechless. ‘*Floundering*’ indeed. “I’m classier than sex on the first date, Allen Jones.” He smiled then, this weird-ass, evil little half-grin. He got out of the car, turning around once outside with a snarky look that knew full well that Allen had been staring at his ass. “Good night, Allen. Take me out for dinner next time, won’t you?”

He shut the door. Allen watched him go. He let his head fall back against the seat. “*Fuck*.”

Take 2:

Allen dropped his phone on his bed with finality. *Done and done*. He looked over the text he’d sent, pretty damn proud of himself.

‘Hey bby. Pickin u up @ 8. Food? ;P’

Ever since Kuro had scribbled his phone number on Allen’s hand in the library behind the cover of some book shelves, Allen had had him in his phone as ‘Douchebag,’ but hadn’t actually texted him ever. It was high time that changed. Kuro left him on ‘read’ for a good ten minutes. Not that Allen was staring at his phone and watching the time or anything like some pussy. Finally, his phone buzzed with a text notification.

‘*What are you trying to get from me, Allen?*’ The auburn-haired teen could *hear* the bored tone.

‘*;) What? Cant take my hot lil piece o ass out?*’

‘*Is this your dimwitted attempt at asking me on a date, Allen Jones?*’ Shit.

‘*Imao mayb. U down? Ik a sweet lil vegan restaurant. Ill pick up the tab 4 u, bby*’

‘*Are you honestly expecting to get sex from me if you buy me dinner?*’ Oh shit. Well... That would be a good excuse, wouldn’t it? Ha. Yeah. Kuro *did* say something about ‘taking him out to dinner first’ that day where he thought for *sure* they were gonna Netflix and chill. Seemed like a very *Allen* thing to try to do. Sure. Let’s go with sex being the objective. Easier to explain.

‘*Lol nah but whatever works, bae ;)*’

‘*No.*’

‘*K*’ Allen stared at his phone for a few long moments. Wait. What was he saying ‘no’ to? He hastily typed out another message. ‘*We still on for 8?*’

8:00 rolled around and Al rolled up to Kuro’s place. Kuro walked out towards the car, Allen leaping out to hold the passenger door open for him. “Evenin’, gorgeous. You look hot,” Allen greeted.

“Good evening, Allen. You appear to be the same imprudent miscreant you were last time I saw you.”

“Harsh.” Kuro smirked and reached up to pinch Allen’s cheek like some creepy old vampire grandma. But for tonight, that boy was *Allen’s* creepy old vampire grandma... Okay... rephrase that... not *Allen’s* grandma... Someone *else’s* grandma. Or someone of grandma *age*.

He looked like a million bucks, though. He wasn’t in anything particularly fancy-- just a snooty little gray button up shirt and dark jeans. Allen, on the other hand, was in his usual bomber’s jacket, ripped jeans, and ratty tennis shoes. No reason to pretend he wasn’t a piece of shit for some outing to a vegan hole-in-the-wall of a business.

Allen actually tried the whole hand-on-the-leg thing this time around as he drove off. Kuro pointedly *removed* said hand from touching any part of his body. It was fine.

The drive was quiet *again*. Was small talk a thing you were supposed to be doing at this point? Or were you supposed to avoid small talk like the fuckin’ plague on these kinds of things? Either way, there wasn’t *any* talk whether big *or* small.

Allen knew quite a bit about Kuro from being in the same classes and seeing him around school, but... it was beginning to dawn on him, along with a certain degree of horror, that he didn’t really *talk* to Kuro a lot, did he?

Not much room for talking when the time you spend with each other is primarily making out and trying not to get caught doing so.

So Allen tried to talk to Kuro. Not chat him up. *Talk* to him. He couldn't care less if it didn't exactly match up with this idea that he was only supposed to be in this for sex.

They sat down in Allen's chosen sketchy restaurant and Allen tried to *talk* the boy. But Allen wasn't very good at this whole 'talk and get to know another human being like a normal fucking human being does' sorta deal. He started it out with the good ol' "So what do you like to do when you're not being the obligatory school douchebag?" but that dissolved relatively quickly into throwing around some insults and bantering.

Allen liked the bantering better, honestly. It was easier to handle. It flowed more easily between the two of them. *Plus*, it wasn't *actually* any of that mean-spirited bullshit. *Plusplus*, it was getting Kuro to show the world those pearly whites more often.

Kuro was a mannerly guy-- didn't order anything out of a reasonable price range. Allen got a magnificent, greasy veggie burger. Kuro got himself some vegan sushi, whatever *that* entailed.

They were chowing down on their not-too-bad grub, making dumb little side comments about the other person and bonding through their different styles of douchebaggery. Allen would childishly kick Kuro's shins every once in awhile under the table, just for the sheer delight of pissing him off. Kuro would give him that *I am perfectly willing to kill you if you do not cease this* glare. Allen would grin at his hot date with a look that said *do it, asshole*.

In the midst of playing footsy and being a general nuisance and being told off for it in that cutting way that Kuro did, suddenly, the black-haired boy's expression changed. He went from better-than-you scowl to something that betrayed a thin sense of *humanity* beneath that cold outer crust. Allen stopped tapping the toes of his shoes against Kuro's leg. "Hey... You alright there, Kur?"

"Don't call me that," Kuro said, but his voice was strained and lacked its typical frosty bite. He looked distant. He kind of... Stopped... For a moment. Then he was up and briskly marching away.

"W-Wait... Whatcha doin'?" Al asked, bewildered by Kuro's behavior. Dude was only half-finished with his food! Al was *paying* for that! Kuro was already across the restaurant.

Allen leaped to his feet, jogging after his date. Was he being *stood up* by Kuro?

Then, everything began to fall into place. Kuro wasn't leaving the restaurant. He was *hurrying his pert little ass to the bathroom* in the back of the restaurant. Allen slowed to a halt as Kuro slammed the door behind him. Then, he approached with caution.

He was met with that particularly lovely, wet sound of someone violently retching into a toilet bowl. Allen shivered, mildly repulsed, but pushing down his own displeasure to knock on the door. "Kuro? You alright in there, doll?"

“*Go away*,” Kuro spat weakly from the other side of the door.

“Are you gonna shit yourself or can I come in? I’m your ride home, babe, remember?” Kuro paused for a long moment, maybe determining whether or not he was gonna shit himself or puke some more or if he could fight Allen in his current condition or walk the fuck home out of spite.

“What do you want?” Kuro finally rasped. Allen took it as the go-ahead to open the unlocked door, Kuro still hugging the publically-utilized porcelain throne inside. He shot Allen a nasty look, but it kind of lost its effect considering he was hunched over on his knees fully expecting to upchuck the rest of his shitty vegan sushi.

“Just wantin’ to make sure you’re not dying,” Allen assured him, crouching down to soothingly rub Kuro’s back. Kuro responded by lurching forward and vomiting again. Eugh. But Allen wasn’t a chump and rubbed Kuro’s bent spine through it. Allen stood to wet a paper towel for him as Kuro tried in vain to spit the taste out of his mouth. Kuro took it gratefully and wiped his face off, but when Allen tried to go back to being Kuro’s personal back-rubber, his hands were batted away.

“*Don’t touch me*,” Kuro growled menacingly.

“Chill out, man... You think you’re good to try to let me drive you home?” Kuro thought on it, then hung his head and shook it no. “That sucks. We’re gonna try anyway.”

Allen grabbed a couple sacks for puking. He grabbed a gob of paper towels and napkins. He grabbed the check for the food. He grabbed a water to go. He grabbed his sick date from the bathroom. They were off. He could totally handle this.

That was, until Kuro starting barfing in the designated barf bags right next to Allen the moment they started driving. He ignored it for a while and just let Kuro try to get that rotten shit out of his system, but like. The sounds and smells of regurgitation aren’t something that can be *ignored*.

So Allen pulled over. He let his hot date lean on him as they walked into the nearest gas station. Then, he was back to bowing before the great commode. Allen tried for rubbing his back again. “*Don’t touch me*. Go away.”

Allen went and grabbed a rubber band from his car, returning to Kuro and sweeping the bangs up out of his face, tying them back in a stupid-lookin’ unicorn horn even as Kuro hissed another “*Don’t touch me, cretin!*”

Kuro puked until he had nothing left to cough up. Then he gagged up some stomach bile because his body decided he wasn’t off the hook yet. Allen mother-henned about him the best that he could, only wanting to go *home* and get this poor boy *home*.

After a good half hour of sitting on the floor of a nasty ass gas station bathroom with poor Kuro alternating between being sick into the toilet and collapsing limply against the wall, still grumpily refusing to let Allen touch him, Kuro asked if Allen would take him home now. And Allen nodded, feeling too sorry for the sickling to bother with any snarky comments.

They got home, thankfully, without further incident. And Kuro thanked him for the meal and thanked him for staying with him. And Allen told him not to mention it. And Kuro offered him a small smile.

Allen smiled back, mainly because Kuro looked dumb as hell with his bangs still in a ponytail.

Chapter End Notes

Shoutout to I_am_a_Ruin here on AO3 and SamTheMooseHuman on iFunny for inspiration and help editing!

First Time Meeting the Other's Family

Allen's Family:

Kuro let out this adorable little sigh as Allen bit down on his neck. The Japanese boy had been wearing a lot more high-collared shirts lately since Al had figured out how sensitive he was there.

Allen doubted it'd work for this one, though-- right at the pulse point under his jaw.

He definitely wasn't protesting as he carded his hands through Allen's hair, occasionally tugging to keep his body close. Allen adored times like these when he had Kuro in his bed, so obviously hot and bothered with his shirt mostly unbuttoned making him look extra debauched. They'd been going strong for months now. It was pretty great; Allen found he liked that hand-holding and long talks and shared food shit.

And it was Kuro, so there wasn't any of that pressure to be anything more than the rotten piece of cowshit he was. They could be bitter, salty assholes making cynical, douchey comments at the world together.

And they could also do *this*. Allen's parents weren't home, Kuro's big brother and legal guardian Xiao didn't give a flying fuck what he did, and Allen had a nice comfy bed for them to do whatever they felt like.

Kuro's hands strayed as Allen moved on to leave another dark bruise on the juncture of his neck and shoulder. Nimble fingers popped the button on Al's jeans, the noise of his zipper being dragged down loud in the quiet bedroom. Al's breath caught in his throat as Kuro gently palmed his boner through the fabric of his briefs.

Kuro's fingers never failed to be chilly on his heated flesh as he drew out Allen's erection, but, frankly, Allen couldn't care less. Allen allowed himself a brief pause from marking up Kuro's neck with hickeys so he could watch. He bit back any one-liners that came to mind, having learned from last time when he'd looked Kuro in the eye and said "*Looks like he's happy to see you,*" at which point Kuro got up and *left*.

Kuro was torturously slow, knowing it was the best way to get Allen flustered. The American connected their mouths in a searing, messy kiss as Kuro stroked him with that teasing, feather-light touch, Allen's hips twitching in a fruitless effort to get him to *go faster*. He broke off in a whimper against Kuro's lips as the Japanese boy ran his thumb over the head of his dick. Kuro could work him up like nobody's business and you bet your ass he'd draw it out as long as fucking possible. Kuro pulled two fingers along the underside of his cock, adding the slightest bit of fingernail to send a shock zinging up Allen's spine and an embarrassing moan tumbling out of his mouth. Fuck, Allen couldn't deal with this teasing shit today. "I can get us both off," Allen found himself practically begging, pressing their foreheads together.

"Very well," Kuro fucking *purred*, the sadistic little bastard.

So Allen whipped out his handy (heh) dandy bedside jacking off lotion as Kuro undid his own belt buckle beneath him. And then Allen was taking both of their dicks in his slicked hand, *finally* getting a good pump with Kuro's heat rubbing hotly against his own.

After a little awkwardness, they found a rhythm. And *God*, Kuro had the best faces when Allen was doing something *right*. The sound of their breathing filled the room, slowly beginning to crescendo as they increased their tempo.

A car door slammed. Not just any car door either. *The mini van*. Shit. *Shit*. Not yet... They weren't fucking *done* yet. Come *on*!

Then, the *full* realization hit Al through his sexual frustration.

Shit. *Shitshitshitshit fucking HELL*.

His parents were home from work.

Why were they so early?! They were never fucking home *early*!

Kuro noticed his distraction. "What?" he demanded. "What is it? I heard a car door. Is somebody here?" Allen, tragically, had to let go of their dicks.

"Yeah," he breathed. "My parents. That's the creaky door of my dad's van." As if on cue, the door opened downstairs. *Fuck*. The first thing that Dad always did was come and say hello and ask how Allen's day had gone. "*Dad's gonna come upstairs!*" Allen hissed in a low voice, already trying to stuff himself back in his jeans.

In a panicked rush, they managed to put their dicks up, smooth down their hair, drag out some school papers, and turn on a fucking fan 'cause it probably stank like two sweaty teenagers going at it to anyone walking in.

Right on time too.

Allen's dad, your typical small, blond, gay British man, gave a few cute little knocks before barging in anyway-- no fucking *lock* on Allen's door. "Hey, Dad," Allen managed to squeak, voice cracking in a totally-not-glaringly-suspicious way at *all*.

"Heya, pumpkin!" Dad said, smiling widely. "Who's this?" he wondered in Kuro's direction. Kuro, being a mannerly little shit, had to restrain himself from standing up to go shake Allen's dad's hand seeing as he still had... some unfinished business to take care of. And coming at someone with a boner ain't the best first impression to give. He settled for a pleasant nod.

"I am Kuro Honda. It is nice to finally meet you, Mr. Kirkland." Dad looked a tad surprised that Allen had spoken of him to Kuro, but didn't say anything. Allen was *desperately* trying to mentally convey to Kuro that *my dads don't know about us*, but even the ever-perceptive Kuro Honda wasn't a mind reader.

"Wonderful to meet you too, Kuro! What're you boys up to?"

“Just some schoolwork, Dad,” Allen assured him.

“Oh isn’t that just super! Allen could use a little help on his homework!” he gave his son a lovingly scolding look. “Would you be able to stay for dinner, Kuro? I make a mean pot roast! Oh, and I’ve got some vegetarian soup for you, Allen dear!”

“Oh my *gosh*, Dad, I’m a *vegan* not a *vegetarian*. Some vegetarians eat eggs and dairy!” Allen grumbled, staring at Kuro *praying* that he read the ‘*Please don’t stick around*’ in his eyes.

But Kuro was making eye contact with Dad.

And he said that he would be honored. Which Dad thought was adorable. Fuck. This would be fun.

Dinner was ready within about ten minutes. Enough time for hands to be washed and for dicks to figure out that they weren’t gonna get anymore action. *Not* enough time for Allen to even get in a word of warning to Kuro ‘cause Dad automatically started yacking his ear off, loving it when Allen made new, seemingly responsible, friends.

Allen sat next to Kuro. Kuro sat next to Dad. Dad sat next to Papa-- two chairs on one side of the rectangle. Allen’s brother Matt decided to show up. And he sat next to Papa and Allen.

Matt looked between Allen and his boyfriend, a small smirk on his mouth but not saying anything-- probably saving his comments for the least convenient time for Allen. Allen didn’t look at his brother. Giving him any sort of *don’t you dare* look would automatically make it ten times more likely for him to say something that’d get Allen in some deep shit.

“So, Kuro! How are you liking school this year?” It felt like every damn thing that Dad said should be punctuated with either a smiley emoji or a kissy emoji. Or, going off how many emojis Dad actually *used* once he’d discovered them on his phone, a gratuity of *both*. Dad pestered the hell out of Kuro, Kuro answered with grace and nobility, Papa picked unenthusiastically at his food with his chin in his hand, and Matt was happy to watch the impending show unfold as he ate. Allen wasn’t finding his offbrand veggie soup from some can *particularly* appetizing, so he tore at an un-buttered roll *begging* internally for this evening not to go sour.

“How did you boys meet, now?” Dad wanted to know. *Say something vague, please oh please. He’ll never let me hear the end of it if you tell him.* Allen thought at Kuro. Kuro wasn’t catching onto his psychic energy.

“We became friends by just seeing each other around school; we have a few classes together,” Allen interjected. Kuro gave him a strange look, wondering what he was playing at.

“And from speaking to each other in these classes,” Kuro continued for him, assuming he was humoring Al, “We learned that we could stand each other.” Alright, so far so good. Excellent work there, Kur-y. “And dating grew naturally from there,” Kuro finished. *Fucking shit biscuits.*

Dad whipped his head to the side to stare at Allen with eyes the size of saucers. Even Papa had looked up with slight interest. Matt was stifling a giggle behind his hand. *Fucker.*

Kuro looked at Allen helplessly.

“YOU HAVE A BOYFRIEND, ALLEN?!” Dad covered his mouth with his hand in shock. No use in denying it at this point. Al nodded curtly, taking a big slurp of soup. “AND YOU DIDN’T *TELL ME?*!” Dad gripped onto Papa’s hand, flustered and hurt. “FRANÇOIS, DID YOU KNOW?!” Papa shook his head no.

“Did you two get any bonding in during your week of ISS?” Matt asked snarkily. *Fucker.*

Kuro, to his credit, stayed silent. Dad, still low-key hyperventilating as he fanned himself, tried for a shaky smile. “Oh? Is this a new club you’re involved in?”

“YES,” Allen put in immediately. “It’s... in-international... student society...” Sounded legit enough, right?

“Is that what they’re calling it now?” Matt grinned innocently over at Allen. “I thought it was in-school suspension.”

“WHAT?!”

“I thought you knew about his fighting. The notification they send home requires a parent signature,” Matt told the table in a quiet, sing-song voice as he shrugged and examined his fingernails. Dad, having leapt to his feet, had a hand over his heart now. And Papa was really looking like he needed a smoke as his hand was being strangled in Dad’s death grip. Great. Just *wonderful*.

Allen flipped Matt off. Matt shrugged. Your typical sibling rivalry.

“*ALLEN. JONES.* That is a *dollar* in the swear jar *right now*, young man! Sign language swears are *still swears!*” Allen dug in his pocket for a crumpled up bill, sighing.

Kuro, meanwhile, was sitting frozen with some pot roast on his fork.

Dad clasped his trembling hands and smiled as he took his seat once more. “We will *talk about* what we have learned over this dinner *later*, Allen. Know that you are grounded and specifics will be negotiated when we *do not* have company!” He turned to Kuro, stretching his smile wider for Allen’s boyfriend’s sake. “Terribly sorry about that, Kuro dear. More potatoes?”

“No, thank you, Mr. Kirkland.”

The awkward silence was unbearable. Everybody avoided everyone’s eyes. The click of silverware against plates was the only noise in the house.

Papa pushed away from the table with a scrape of his chair. “I need a smoke.” Dad caught him by the wrist before he could slink away.

“Have you lost something, sugar plum?” Dad suggested sweetly.

“My will to live,” Papa sighed, kinda sorta joking.

“Can’t lose something that didn’t exist in the first place, cupcake!” Dad tittered. “But I meant your patch.” Papa pulled up his ratty sweater sleeve to reveal *three* nicotine patches.

“Shit doesn’t *work*, Oliver...”

“*DOLLAR IN THE SWEAR JAR*. Then sit back down, François; you haven’t given it a *chance* to work, silly!” Papa grimaced, scratching at the patches on his arm distastefully. Dad gave him a smooch on the cheek.

They continued eating as if nothing had happened. What a *fucking way* for Kuro to be introduced to the fam.

Kuro’s family:

It was just a trip to the grocery store. What could go wrong?

Matt was off doing hockey shit, so that left Allen to be dragged along to the store with his dads because they’d had him on a ridiculously tight fucking *leash* of groundings since they’d found out about... well, mostly everything... last week at dinner.

Allen was dicking around as far back from his fam as humanly possible when he heard it. “Oh, *hello*, Kuro! How wonderful to see you!” Dad was calling and waving. Allen wandered closer to his dads; he hadn’t so much as *texted* Kuro since he’d gotten his phone taken away and school didn’t exactly provide *ample opportunity* to hang out with him. Especially because Dad was now *picking him up* after school, having revoked his right to his car too for the time being.

Allen dared a peek around the corner in the direction Dad was waving.

A rather dark-looking posse, all *blessed* with *magnificent* genes, were making their way through the store. At their center, as if they were all giving half an effort to conceal him, sat a man in a shopping cart. The siblings were all dressed in dark, neutral hues except for this man who was a burst of red among them.

Allen gave a ‘*sup* nod to Kuro who was pushing the guy around in his shopping cart. Kuro nodded back to acknowledge Al, but was already looking around for ways to escape from Allen’s fam. Al *really* didn’t blame him. But it was too late anyway because Dad was already heading straight for Kuro’s familial unit.

Allen trailed behind Papa who was trailing behind Dad.

Cart guy was sitting like a fucking *king*, rocking his sunglasses inside as if he wasn’t very much an adult being pushed around by his younger sibling through a grocery store. Massive

respect.

“Hello, Mr. Kirkland, Mr. Bonnefoy,” Kuro greeted, stepping in front of his older brother casually.

“Hi, Kuro! How’ve you been this lovely day?” Dad cooed.

“My day has been going very well, thank you. And yours?”

“Just peachy, pumpkin! Thank you for asking!” Dad looked around at the others around him. “I’m Oliver Kirkland, by the by! Kuro’s boyfriend Allen’s dad! This is my husband, François!” Dad gestured grandly to Papa, deep dark shadows under his eyes and all. “And who might you be?” he addressed all of them at once. Kuro opened his mouth to speak on behalf of his family once more, but then a thin hand jutted out from behind Kuro’s back.

“Xiao Wang! Legal guardian of our little pack here!”

Kuro reluctantly stood to the side to reveal Xiao who was leaning forward to shake all of their hands. Dad and Papa amiably shook this stranger’s hand, neither sure what to make of the skinny man in shades. Allen stepped up to shake Xiao’s hand too, deciding that he liked Kuro’s big bro and his mischievous smile that reminded Al of those middle schoolers who snorted Pixy Stix. “So you must be Allen!” Xiao exclaimed, not letting Al escape from his handshake quite yet. “The one who’s been doing the nasty with my little brother!”

Nevermind. Fuck this guy.

Al tensed, *painfully* aware of his dad gasping behind him and imagining all of the talks he’d be subjected to when he got home. “W-We haven’t...” Allen was stuttering as Kuro *also* choked and tried to cover up, reminding Xiao that Kuro had told him *yesterday* that he and his boyfriend had *not* engaged in such acts. Not a whole lie; they had never fucked. That didn’t mean that Allen’s parents could find out about the messing around that they *did* get up to.

Xiao chuckled and put his hands up reasonably. “Hey now. I’m just tellin’ ya what I’ve heard.” Before either of the accused could protest some more he continued on. “Nice to meet you, Allen. Be gentle with my brother.” Allen was nodding when he tacked on a “*If you know what I mean!*” and an exaggerated wink before laughing like he’d said something extremely funny.

He adjusted the black cap on his cheek-length hair, catching his breath after his moment of hilarity. He beckoned Allen closer secretively. Allen did not come closer. Xiao hid his mouth behind one hand. “Psst!” he giggled some. “Allen! Your dad is hot!” Allen was pretty sure that Xiao was under the impression that Allen’s parents *couldn’t* hear his stage-whispering even as he blatantly checked out Papa behind his shades.

Judging by his parents’ reactions, however, they very fucking much *could* hear. Not that Xiao noticed, the fucking stoner.

Kuro looked vaguely like he wanted to die, anchored in place while his siblings had already dispersed, not wanting to be caught up in whatever scene their brother might make. Xiao's face lit up with a 'brilliant' idea. "Allen! Kuro! What if I called up my Viktor and I had a foursome with your fath--" Kuro cut his brother off by literally kicking his shopping cart and sending him hurtling down an aisle and *away* from them. Allen wanted to kiss him so bad.

But they were stuck facing down Allen's dads' horrified expressions. Well, *Dad's* horrified expression and Papa's usual blank slate.

That was, until Xiao's shopping cart plowed into a display of stacked soda. Which fell over when hit with a battering ram made from a small Chinese shithead in a shopping cart. And then most of them burst all over the floor. With store cameras capturing the whole thing. And Xiao, high off his ass, laughing at the mess without a care.

Naturally, of course, Allen's dad volunteered *Allen* to clean up the mess for the employees. Kuro stayed and helped too while his siblings finished up their shopping and hurried home without Kuro.

Allen found himself laughing once he and his boyfriend were left alone while his dads went to finish getting their groceries too. Kuro looked up at him, not in the mood for his shit. "What the *fuck* was your brother *on*?" Kuro sighed, scrubbing at the sticky floor.

"Opium."

"Why the fuck did you take him to the grocery store?"

"He wanted to have a family shopping trip." Allen snorted, his laughing in near hysterics as he sat back on his haunches with his wad of paper towels in hand.

"*I'm so fucking dead, Kuro.* I still think I fucking love your brother, but my *parents were there* holy shit." Kuro smiled a little to himself.

"In that case, rest in peace." Kuro pondered this for a moment. "Or burn in hell, whichever you deem more accurate for yourself."

"Fuck off."

First Time

Chapter Summary

Alternatively titled: (◡‿◡)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Allen reclined on his family's hammock, staring up at the night sky-- dulled by light pollution-- without a care in the world. His phone buzzed with a text in his pocket. Kuro. *'Here.'*

'In the backyard bby. Gate is open 4 u'

Moments later, the wooden gate was groaning open and Kuro was carefully picking his way over the bejeweled stepping stones Dad had among his neatly-groomed flowers. Allen watched him contently, already reaching out for him and wanting to smooth down that grumpy, concentrated furrow between his eyebrows.

Kuro carefully sat down his backpack on the ground where it wouldn't smash any of the flowers surrounding the hammock tied to the couple mossy trees they had in their backyard. The things stunk like hell, a whole new brand of old lady perfume every time the wind changed, but Dad liked them.

Kuro climbed up beside him, careful to keep the hammock balanced. Allen considered flipping it just for the fun of pissing Kuro off, but decided against it as the black-haired boy settled into the crook of his arm more or less peacefully. "You ready for this slumber party, babydoll?" Allen crooned.

Now that he was a bona fide adult, his parents had decided to trust him alone for the weekend while they were off on some couples' bakery tour. Of course, he'd vowed not to have anyone over and to spend his time getting caught up on that homework he'd been neglecting. Ha.

It wasn't like he'd needed them to be gone to sneak Kuro over at night anyway. They'd done it plenty of times before *without* such a golden opportunity.

Besides, Allen only had a couple months left of this high school bullshit; Calculus could suck his balls.

Or, rather, *Kuro* could. Or they could talk or make out or watch movies or whatever; Allen didn't give a shit. He had his man over *all night* and *all tomorrow*. Matt had made other plans. It was just the two of them left to their own devices.

They laid there for a while chatting, being the jackasses they were as they insulted each other and the world-- maturity hadn't come with the age of 18. A full moon bathed the world in silver and blue while the porch light tried to outdo it with haughty yellow. The flowers stank up a storm, blowing a little in the wind. Allen rocked them gently in the hammock with one leg on the ground and an irritated cutie curled into his shoulder complaining about the movement because the pissbaby felt like he might roll off. "Listen to *reason*, Allen. You are leaning us too far to the side too rapidly; with the uneven distribution of *weight* between you and me, this hammock will *flip*," Kuro was trying to explain to him. "And I do not believe your father will take kindly to the imprint of two teenage boys in his flowers." Allen scoffed.

"Scuse you, doll. I'm an *adult*." Allen didn't need to see his face to know he was rolling his eyes irritably.

"I am older than you and *I* can recognize that eighteen, while legally adulthood, is still within the teenage years." Allen stuck his tongue out at his boyfriend, having half a mind to push him off the hammock. The smartass.

Instead, he sat up with a great sigh, getting Kuro to hiss and desperately clutch at the fabric of the hammock as he tried to balance it back out. Allen sat perched on the edge, digging in his pocket as Kuro resituated to lean his little self against the broad expanse of Al's back comfortably enough.

Kuro was staring off into the sea of Dad's flowers, cheek against Allen's back and knees folded to his chest. Little angel.

Kuro perked up at the sound of Al flicking the lighter that he'd bought as he lit a cigarette. He'd *just* brought it to his lips to take a drag when *smack!*

Kuro, on his feet, ground the new cigarette into the soil under his heel. Allen, now on his ass in said soil after Kuro's movement had gotten him plopped to the ground, touched his smarting red cheek in shock. Allen shoved the initial consternation away. "WHAT THE *FUCK*, KURO?! DID YOU JUST *FUCKING SLAP* ME? Asshole, do you know how fucking *expensive* those--"

"What the *fuck* do you think you're doing, Allen?" Kuro growled back, hauling his boyfriend to his feet by his shirt. Allen blinked. He'd never heard Kuro curse before. Sure, the guy would grumble in Japanese sometimes, but he never *cussed*.

"The fuck did it look like?! I'm a fucking adult! I can make my own decisions and I can buy my own damn cigarettes if I fucking want to! Look at the kind of shit that I have to put up with! Can you *blame* me? Not like it's fucking *meth* or some shit!"

"Allen Jones, how dare you." Allen opened his mouth to yell and cuss some more, but Kuro was already speaking over him. "How *dare* you? You watch your father throw away your family's income for this *trash* because he cannot *stop* and you choose to follow his example? You choose to *dishonor* him that way? You watch *my* brother throw away his entire life for his kicks and you have the temerity to disrespect *me* by doing just that?" his voice was deadly and even. Allen felt like he was shrinking in front of him. They didn't exactly *talk* about Papa or Xiao, a sore spot for both of them.

“I’m not like my pops. And I’m not getting high off this, Kuro,” he defended himself weakly.

“It’s all the same.”

“It is *not*!” Kuro stared at him, raising an eyebrow. The guy knew he had a point and he knew Allen knew it too. “What’s it to you?” he spat, not willing to let him *win* like that.

Kuro deflated a bit. Then he steeled himself once more, clenching his hands into fists and for a moment Allen thought he was going to throw punches. “Because I care *deeply* for you, Allen!” his voice shook this time. Now it was Allen’s turn to deflate. Kuro stepped forward, his posture inherently threatening. “And I will *not* watch you do such a thing to yourself.”

“I--” But Kuro had grabbed his shirt again, dragging him down to smash their lips together. And Allen clung to him tightly, wrapping him up in his arms, horrified to find that Kuro-- *Kuro Honda* -- was shaking. Between bruising, gasping kisses Allen managed to settle the two of them down on the ground so that he was leaning against one of the trees, Kuro sideways in his lap kissing him senseless.

And it devolved from the biting and struggle for control over each other’s mouths into slower, but still desperately intense, kisses. Kuro moved his jaw against Allen’s, left no area of Allen’s mouth unravaged, and held him fiercely, intimately.

And it was during these kisses that Allen realized that Kuro’s cheeks were wet.

Finally, the two broke apart. Words were already falling out of Allen’s mouth of their own volition. “I’m sorry... I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, Kuro. I didn’t-I wasn’t thinking, I...” Kuro silenced him with another kiss, this one dotting and chaste, before laughing a little to himself and scrubbing at his face with the heels of his hands.

“Ah, excuse me. I did not mean to... let my emotions take control of me like that,” he chuckled humorlessly, darkly. They sat quietly together for a moment. Allen rested his chin on Kuro’s shoulder.

“I know we don’t... talk about... you know... but I should’ve known what lines not to cross. I... I was kinda...” Fucking shit why was it so hard to just *talk* and *say* things? “I dunno. Seemed like a fun idea at the time... I don’t usually... let myself dwell on that fucked up emotional sore patch bullshit... Easier to laugh at it instead, I guess? But, I mean...” Allen fumbled for words that he’d never let see the light of day before. “I dunno. It hasn’t been easy with Papa ‘cause he’s all meds and depression and smoking to cope. It ain’t *his* fault; he’s not a *bad guy* or even a *bad dad*. He’s always been *there*. But I wasn’t even thinkin’ about him and how his life sucks ass. And I definitely didn’t fuckin’ think of how shitty it must be with *Xiao*, no matter how fuckin’ hilarious he is when he’s high...” Why the fuck was he opening up about daddy issues? What the fuck?

And Kuro was sitting there, holding his hand and listening, looking at him with those *eyes*. Allen couldn’t meet his eyes. Those eyes weren’t judgmental or pissy or bitchy or douche-y at that moment. They were listening and they were *open* and they were *caring* and maybe fucking *adoring*, Allen couldn’t fucking tell. And Allen wasn’t sure how to deal with that, so

he didn't. He just sat there like the dumbass, guilty piece of shit he was, the reality of '*I just shared feelings*' starting to hit him.

What was *with* this fucking rollercoaster of feelings? What kind of hormonal shit...

Kuro interrupted his train of thought with fingers under his chin. Allen still didn't want to meet his eyes after that scene. But he let the Japanese boy kiss him anyway.

Allen parted his lips in invitation, Kuro gladly accepting and sliding his tongue into the American's mouth once more. They kissed like that for a while, long and lazy. It just so happened, however, that when they came up for oxygen, Allen finally looked Kuro in the eyes.

It was an accident, but Allen preferred to pretend that he'd finally gathered up the balls to, you know, *look at his boyfriend of well over a year now*.

His heart dropped to his stomach and all of a sudden his newly recaptured breath was stolen away again at the sight. Allen had no fucking *clue* how to describe it and he sure as hell wasn't going to get into some romance poetry bullshit to try to explain it.

All he knew was that Kuro was watching him with that *look* and it made Allen go weak in the knees even though he was sitting down and his stomach was doing some weird shit and Kuro was hella gorgeous so his dick was kinda starting to wonder if it should get involved but Allen wasn't even *thinking* about his dick, he was thinking about *Kuro*, and there were all of these feelings and it was fucking confusing and terrifying as *hell* and...

Breathe.

Kuro placed a hand on Allen's arm, just about making him jump out of his skin. It earned him a small, teasing smile. Same old asshole. Some mischief was starting to spark behind those pretty burgundy eyes, so Al was pretty sure that maybe Kuro was at least feeling *some* of the same stuff.

"Let's go inside," Kuro suggested.

So then they were hanging out in Allen's kitchen, sipping on some soda they had in the fridge. Kuro didn't talk. Allen didn't talk. A bunch of unsaid things hung in the air and made it kinda stuffy, so Allen occupied himself with picking at the pop tab on his can.

Allen was starting to wonder if he'd have preferred a screaming match and Kuro storming out. Allen could *deal* with *that*. What the fuck was he supposed to do with this? He must've fucked up, no other explanation. Non-shitty people shared feelings. Allen didn't share feelings. Yep. He fucked up. Kuro was probably feeling the same way. Kuro didn't share feelings either, but he'd let some bleed through.

They kissed, they messed around, they cuddled, they bantered, they did all that couple-y trash, but they didn't do *that*. But they had. No going back now, Allen supposed. All of this over a damn cigarette too. What the *hell*?

They'd opened up a tad over a dumb cigarette and a dumb idea and dumb families. And now Allen was staring at Kuro and he wanted to hold him and make everything better and apologize some more for *one goddamn cigarette* because Kuro was more fucked up than he let on and so was Allen and now they both *knew* about the other's fucked-up-ness and they weren't saying *anything*.

"Are you alright, Allen?" Kuro asked him, concerned by the staring.

"Course I am," Al gave him a '*Seriously?*' look. He kept staring. Kuro ignored him for a little bit.

I wanna kiss him. Fuck, I wanna kiss him so bad. I wanna hold him and take care of him and make all of the shit in his life go away. Fuck. We should make out or something.

Or something.

Oh, shit. They were home alone all night. They could do much more than make out.

"Allen, you're staring," Kuro complained. Should he ask him...?

"I know." Kuro was unamused. After that fucking *stunt* outside, would he even be down...?

"Cut it out," Kuro sighed. How the fuck do you ask something like that? Do you just up and say it? What did you *say*? 'Hey, Kuro, we've been together for a longass time. Wanna fuck?' Maybe he could go all romance novel and fall dramatically into Kuro's arms with a cry of '*Make love to me!*' "Allen," Kuro bit sternly. Oh, yeah. Kuro was talking to him.

"What?"

"What do you want?" Kuro was back to his usual pissy self, but more guarded than usual as he looked Allen up and down calculatingly. Maybe he thought that Allen was making fun of him for the tears. Kuro's words still rang in his ears. '*I care deeply for you, Allen!*'

"Can we have sex?" Allen blurted, then covered up his blush with the usual shit-eating grin. Kuro blinked in surprise. Dead silence. Not even any crickets.

Then, he started laughing. He covered his mouth with his hand, unable to stop. Then he was gripping onto the counter for purchase. Asshat. "A simple 'nah' would've worked *swell*," Allen grumbled unhappily. Kuro shook his head, waving him off, still cackling.

"I'm sorry," he said in a voice that was not sorry at all. "You asked with such *tact* that I could not contain my passion."

"Shut up," Al pouted. Kuro crossed the room to reunite their mouths, cupping Allen's jaw fondly. Kuro took his hand thoughtfully, playing with his fingers.

"I did not bring... supplies. Condoms, lube."

"Oh. Yeah. About that..." Allen grinned proudly. "I may have totally picked some up *way* back when we first started messin' around. I mean, *reasonable suspicion* I'd get you between

the sheets one day.” It’d mostly been sitting buried in his drawer forever. Until Allen had figured out that lube was quite a bit better than his lotion for getting off to a few fingers up his own ass. There was still an *abundance* left, though (value pack, baby).

Kuro smiled wickedly, wrapping his arms lackadaisically around Al’s neck. “Well, in that case... Lead the way.” Allen rolled his eyes.

“You know where my room is, doll,” he smooched his boyfriend. “I’m gonna take a quick shower.” Kuro ran his hands down Allen’s arms, squeezing at the muscle there. Allen flexed for him for the hell of it.

“Shall I join you?” Kuro asked, lips teasingly close. Shit. Uh...

“Nah,” no better way to say it, Al supposed. He couldn’t exactly *explain* that he needed to Google how the fuck to clean his virgin asshole for anal sex and he didn’t exactly want Kuro to have this sexy mental image of kissing in the shower when Allen was just gonna be washing his ass. “But,” he interjected. “If you’re wanting a shower too, you can use the one in my parents’ room. Or *I* can use the one in my parents’ room and *you* can use the one in Matt and I’s bathroom if you want.” Kuro smirked at him, probably understanding his reasoning.

“Very well. A five-minute shower sounds refreshing. I will take the one in your parents’ room.” Al let out a surprised little noise as Kuro grabbed a handful of tasty vegan butt before sauntering away, hips swaying teasingly. Kuro threw him a glance over his shoulder, catching him staring shamelessly. “Don’t have too much fun without me, Allen Jones.”

Showering took longer than five minutes for Allen. At about the fifteen minute mark, he was stumbling out in a rush smelling like a pool of Axe and Old Spice as he towed off his hair. His heart was starting to rush and his dick was starting to remember what all this was about as he faced himself in the mirror. He put in his tongue piercing that Kuro loved to feel on his dick, a fun fact he’d discovered after unveiling it at prom; Kuro had looked so cute in a tux and had made the sweetest face when Allen broke down and asked him to fuck his face while they were messing around afterwards. Smiling at the good memories, he checked himself out one last time.

Lookin’ good. Yep, that was a bod that was getting laid tonight. Hell yeah.

Then came a moment of indecision. Was he... supposed to put clothes back on? On one hand, it would feel kinda weird to *waltz* into his room butt naked. He was hot and all, but that’d just be a little awkward. Plus, foreplay was a thing right? On the *other hand*, watch him put his clothes back on and have Kuro get all huffy or laugh at him because ‘oh, Allen, didn’t you know what we were going to be doing?’

In the end, he decided to sling on his briefs and jeans, riding low around his hips.

And then he was stepping out of the bathroom, breathing coming quicker as he walked down the hallway to his bedroom. Each step seemed like a mile and he felt clumsy with anticipation and nerves at the same time.

His bedroom door was cracked, soft orange light from his bedside lamp spilling out into the hallway. The soft white noise from his fan helped to make the quiet less tense, but it still felt as if the house was holding its breath right along with Allen as he pushed the door open.

Allen's heart skipped a beat.

Kuro was lying on Al's bed, one leg casually bent as he waited patiently-- a picture of serenity. The full moon shone through the window, making him glow against the white sheets. He was beautiful. He hadn't bothered reclothing himself, only one of Allen's thin sheets covering his lower half. Kuro looked up as he entered, face unreadable.

Allen was moving before he even realized it, climbing up into his bed to give his boyfriend a little company.

Kuro didn't move, only watched him, as he knelt on all fours above him. Allen dipped down to kiss him, keeping it nice and sweet. Kuro gently wound a hand in his hair.

"Sorry I'm late, babe," Allen mumbled against his lips. Kuro smirked, getting Al's stomach all fluttery.

"I'm sure you will make it up to me," he murmured. Al let out a bark of laughter and kissed him again.

"Better fuckin' believe I will, babydoll." He punctuated it with by running his tongue on a spot on Kuro's neck below his ear, letting him know that he had the piercing in. Kuro shivered involuntarily. He was totally gonna dive face first onto that dick, but first he made sure to leave a nice dark hickey first, sucking and biting there until Kuro was hissing at him.

But he just couldn't help himself from straying a little on the way down. Allen left a sloppy trail of kisses down Kuro's chest, licking a nipple with his piercing like the perv he was. Kuro had this really cute, slender build to him. He was *lithe* like a panther or some shit and Allen couldn't stop touching him. Al ran his hands up and down Kuro's sides, feeling him up and squeezing and pinching and petting.

His jeans were already uncomfortably tight. Fuck, why didn't he take those off? He pushed it out of his mind; Kuro was a far higher priority.

Allen made it down to Kuro's happy trail. They'd been here before, but never with more in mind than shooting a load and moving on with their lives. The American ran his hands over his boyfriend's hip bones, glancing up innocently to meet his eyes as he licked a stripe along his pelvis before tugging the sheet away, wanting it *off* that gorgeous body.

He didn't waste time with teasing. Kuro let out a moan as Allen licked the head of his cock like a lollipop before taking it into his mouth. Dicks didn't taste too great, but there was *something* about having one in your mouth that Allen undeniably loved. Allen bobbed his head, swirling his tongue around his boyfriend contently.

The way he was situated put an uncomfortable strain on his neck as he worked his mouth up and down on Kuro, but he couldn't care less. There was the obvious 'oh, it's nice to please

my lover' explanation for enjoying giving head-- Kuro's moans were *divine*-- but honestly? Allen was just having too much fun with it. Maybe he was some sort of super-freak, but that shit was fucking *fun*.

Allen relaxed his throat for Kuro in order to take him deeper. Then he swallowed around him.

Kuro let out a quiet gasp, not *liking* to make *much* noise but not trying to suppress himself. He bucked his hips up into Allen's face, whether it was an accident or on purpose wasn't too clear. Either way, Allen pulled off with a messy slurp, licking his chops shamelessly.

Maybe that was another reason he loved Kuro's dick in his mouth; he was rather fond of being *used* like that.

"Mount my face and fuck my mouth if you're wanting to play like that, babydoll. M' neck is starting to hurt doing that." The thought of Kuro agreeing to such a suggestion may or may not have had him rock hard in his jeans which were way too fucking tight at this point. Kuro let out a shuddering sigh, goosebumps rising on his skin as the idea appealed to him as well.

The black-haired boy shook his head slowly, beckoning Al back up to his face. Allen dragged his swollen lips along Kuro's skin as he crawled back up his body, trying to be seductive but probably failing. Kuro didn't put in his input because he'd let his eyes fall closed and head fall back to the pillows. Al smooched his cheek obnoxiously loud. "What're you wantin', bab-- *ahh...*" Well, he was *going* for a sexy purred line as he ground his hips down into Kuro's, but received a friendly reminder of how much his own dick needed attention because *fuck* he was sensitive.

Kuro was all *kinds* of shades of red, out of breath beneath him. Not embarrassment, mind you. Arousal. Al had that effect on him.

"I don't want to come just yet," Kuro told him, soaking up the thoughts in Allen's eyes. Al smirked.

"So close already, sweetheart?" he taunted. He licked his way into Kuro's mouth. He probably tasted like dick but oh well. "Now how could that have happened?" he asked, parting from his boyfriend's sweet lips with a string of saliva connecting them. Kuro rolled his eyes, unamused. As if to prove a point he reached between them to palm Allen's *burning* erection through his jeans.

"You're one to talk," he scoffed. He rubbed Allen slowly, the fabric and pressure creating enough friction to get his hips to piston forward instinctively and curses to tumble unintelligibly from his mouth. "Wouldn't you like to take this... farther?" he wanted to know. Allen was already answering before he'd finished articulating the last word.

"*Fuck* yes, *please*." Kuro pulled him gently closer, their noses and lips brushing as they breathed. They maintained eye contact. A moment of silent solidarity to catch their breath, reveling in each other.

Then Kuro was undoing his jeans and tugging them down around the curve of his butt and then they were sitting up and resituating themselves to get rid of the damn pants. And Allen

was trying to pull off his own jeans from there. But Kuro had other plans and batted his hands away.

He was just pulling off Allen's pants, but leave it to Kuro to make it the sexiest damn thing ever. The Japanese boy guided the jeans off of his legs, kneeling on the bed between his legs and making sure to cop a feel of every last area he came into contact with. Then, oh but *then* he leaned down, face right up in his crotch and warm breath on his dick through the damn briefs, and removed the last offending piece of clothing between them.

Kuro sat back to admire his handiwork-- Allen aroused as hell, dick standing proud, and finally, *blessedly* naked.

Then he pounced and *that* was fucking sexy as hell *too* because this *gorgeous* naked boy was climbing over him, pushing him backwards to lie on the bed as he connected their mouths, pressing their bodies flush against each other. The full skin on skin contact was fucking *glorious*. Kuro's chest rapidly rising and falling in time with his, skin hot and electrifying. No dick-on-dick just 'cause Kuro was so much shorter than Allen, but Kuro's arousal pressed to his stomach was actually way hotter than it should have been. Probably because Kuro had a *lovely* thigh against Allen's.

Allen kissed him hungrily, tracing the length of Kuro's spine trying to get him impossibly closer with the sheer force of his *want*. He wanted Kuro's body, his quirks, his moodiness, his tender moments, his teasing, his kisses, his eyes, that dumb exhale-through-the-nose half-laugh, those rare full smiles, his fucked-up-ness that was so compatible with Allen's, *oh* Allen wanted all of him. And *fuck* he wanted Kuro to take all of *him*.

Wait. Hold that train of thought a sec.

Al pulled away from the intense kiss. "*Shit*, I forgot to grab the damn lube and condoms!" Kuro sighed as Allen ungracefully detangled himself from the situation, hauled his horny, naked ass across the room to his drawer, dug around long enough for Allen to be eager to rejoin his boyfriend and make him his lover, and *finally* grabbed the equipment they needed.

Cue awkward naked scurry back to the bed, Kuro drinking in the view lazily from the pillows.

"Much better," Kuro commented as Allen crawled back beside him, pressing into the warmth of Kuro's skin as though he would freeze otherwise. "Now..." *Kuro* could pull off the whole '*sexy purr and shift hips against your partner's*' tactic. They faced each other, lying sideways. Kuro ran a finger down Allen's cheek. "Would you like to watch me prepare myself? Or would you prefer to do the honors?" Allen choked on spit.

"H-Hold up, what?" he wanted to confirm. Kuro's expression didn't change as he froze.

"You are... planning to top me, are you not?"

"Um. I mean. Sure. I can do that. Yep. If that's what you want. I mean, if that's what you'd *prefer*. Like, I'm totally down to bottom if... you'd... prefer not to..." *Shit*, he'd always been presuming this would work out the other way around. But they'd never *actually* talked it

through, so... He couldn't exactly bitch about not getting a dick up his ass could he? And *putting* a dick up someone's ass ain't somethin' to scoff at. It was just that...

"You would prefer to bottom," Kuro realized out loud, sounding *surprised* of all things. Really, though, he did practically *ooze* that '*Use me, baby*' sort of vibe when they were together, did he not? Allen opened his mouth to say this, then thought better of it. He ended up shrugging and looking away.

"What do *you* want, though? I wanna make sure you're pleased the way you wanna be," Al told him quietly.

"I apologize." That's always a great thing to hear before fucking. "I had always presumed that... based on your personality... it would be a matter of your ridiculous over-inflated pride and ego to top when you lost your virginity." Wow, *okay*.

"Not... necessarily..." Allen said, still walking on eggshells. Kuro broke into a short-lived smile, a flash of teeth. He reached over to kiss Al's lips.

"Allen, I will gladly top you," he assured him, a hint of a teasing tone present. Allen blew a strand out of his face, pouting at being laughed at, but not protesting what he was saying.

Then Kuro was coaxing him, gently, so fucking *gently*, onto his back with another kiss. Kuro ran his hands along his body, his touch like electrified silk. Kuro helped him stuff some pillows under his lower back so that he'd be in a more comfortable position to take a penis in the anus. How considerate.

Allen's body was fucking *shaking* with anticipation and he was so fucking hard and Kuro was so fucking *slow*.

Kuro reached over, still feeling up his chest, to grab a condom from the box Al had bought. "Another reason for my assumption that this would end up in opposite positions," Kuro added, tearing open a little package. "*You* bought condoms... for *me* to use?" he raised an eyebrow at Al.

"A guy has to be prepared!" Allen defended himself. Kuro shrugged and kissed him once before rolling the condom over his length.

Then he was popping open the lube and Allen wanted that body against his so *bad*. Kuro spread Al's legs wider with a palm on his inner thigh. The Japanese boy coated his fingers liberally in lube, stroking up and down his crack a few times before circling his slicked index finger around his hole. "Allen, relax," Kuro instructed. He'd been under the impression that he *was* relaxed, but whatever. He took a took a theatrically deep breath in through the nose and let it out through the mouth.

"Alright. Do it. Or, should I say, do *me*." He grinned like a Cheshire cat. Kuro restrained himself from glaring and focused on the task at hand: sliding his index finger into Al's ass. Now, Allen had never had anyone's fingers but his own up there, but *shit* it was much better with someone else doing it.

Kuro pumped the finger in and out a few times, making sure he was used to the feeling, but then Al was arching his back and whining at him for more. "I can take more than *one* finger, Kuro, come *on*. Get *on* with it."

"Hush," the black-haired teen sighed, but obeyed anyway as he gently added his middle finger alongside the first one. Al let out a satisfied noise, his cock twitching at the slight stretch. *That* was more like it.

Kuro finger-fucked him a bit, which was *real* nice, and then he was scissoring his fingers to open him up further and *damn* okay yeah that was hurting a bit. Kuro peppered little kisses along his collarbone encouragingly, letting Al get used to that as he felt him tense in discomfort. "*Relax*," he whispered, continuing his movements. He crooked his fingers inside of him.

Allen moaned loudly, hips thrusting into the air. "Holy *fuck!* *There*, right there, babycakes..." Prostates were a wonderful gift from God. Kuro smiled rather wickedly at the reaction, then downright *grinned* at Allen's groan when he hit that spot *dead on* with every thrust of his fingers.

"I'm going to add one more finger," Kuro warned him, massaging his shoulder with his free hand. And he did, slowly. It was more than Allen had ever done to himself. Which meant it hurt like a bitch. He squeezed his eyes shut, though, bit his cheek to keep quiet. Then Kuro started moving those fingers, stretching him out with them and *fuck*.

Allen was clutching onto Kuro's neck and back, hooking his legs around him like a fucking *starfish* trying to find purchase. This was fuller than he'd ever been, it fucking *hurt*, he was moaning and whining like a pornstar, digging his fingernails into Kuro's skin, trying to arch up enough to *bite* that shoulder, but Kuro was holding him *still*. Fucking *shit*. Then Kuro found his prostate again. And you know what? Everything was peachy keen. 'Cause Al saw fucking *stars*.

Kuro straight up *abused* that spot to keep those moans tumbling out of Allen's mouth. He probably would've come like that, from fingers, without being touched.

But then Kuro was removing his fingers altogether and Allen's stomach flipped because he knew what was next. But *shit* he wanted it so bad. "Are you ready, Allen?" Kuro asked him, lubing up his dick. Al watched him. Kuro looked up into his eyes, waiting for his answer. Kuro looked wild. They were *both* so ready for this, but that didn't mean that they weren't both nervous about messing it up.

"Hell yeah," Allen rasped. Kuro nodded, positioning himself closer. The head of his dick against Allen's ass.

Kuro took Allen's hand, entwining their fingers next to the bottom's ear. They were flush against each other, that beautiful body on top of Allen's. Al kissed him hard, mashing their lips together passionately. Kuro used the distraction to his advantage and pushed his hips forward.

Fuck!

Kuro stilled with just the head of his cock inside of him. And *shit* it was a stretch despite the thorough preparation. Allen mewled and panted, clutching at Kuro. “*Fuck*, why’d you stop? Keep going, *God* it fucking hurts, just *do it fast*. Kuro, *Kuro*, please I--”

“Allen, you need to relax your muscles.”

“I *am* fucking relaxed! Just-Just finish getting it in there! Come *on*! If you do it fast I can just get adjusted to *that* and then you can move, but *fuck*...”

“I’m not going to *injure* you because you’re impatient, Allen. *You need to relax*.” He was panting and throbbing too, sweat beading on his forehead. He *wanted* to listen to Allen, bury himself balls deep in his ass, but he was determined to say that he *couldn’t* quite yet. Well, fuck that.

Allen grabbed Kuro’s ass, dragging him roughly forward at the same time he thrust his own ass up onto the intrusion. Kuro gasped, moaning long and low at the *bliss* that overtook him so suddenly and unexpectedly, tight heat enveloping him fully. His head fell against Allen’s shoulder, reveling fully in him.

Allen, meanwhile, registered his mistake immediately. He cried out in pain, yowling like a fucking cat. *WHY THE FUCK DID I DO THAT?! HOLY SHIT THAT FUCKING HURT JESUS CHRIST WHY DID I THINK THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA?!*

Kuro cupped Al’s cheek, getting him to open his eyes. It was about this time he noticed that his cheeks were wet. As if it couldn’t get worse, he was in fucking *tears* about it. Kuro wiped them away and brushed some sweat-soaked hair out of his face, so fucking gentle with him. *God, I don’t deserve him*. “Breathe,” Kuro reminded him, voice even. Allen sucked in shaky breaths, spreading his legs wider in an attempt to better accommodate for the dick inside of him.

Kuro pulled out gently and Allen hissed because *that* hurt too. “Are you alright?” Kuro asked him. He looked down between the two of them at Allen’s ass. “Are you... bleeding or anything? That’s something that can happen, correct?”

“I think I’m good,” Al grumbled. He took a deep breath. “Let’s try again,” he said determinedly.

“Very well,” Kuro agreed hesitantly. He paused, then added: “What have we learned today, Allen?”

“That I’m a fucking idiot?”

“No, that has been established. What have we learned that’s *new* today, Allen?” Al scoffed at that but played along.

“Don’t take a dick up the ass too fast.”

“Very good,” Kuro kissed his nose. “Perhaps it shall be easier this time after that little display?” he suggested with a shrug. Allen shrugged too, then jumped a little as Kuro slid

two fingers, cold with reapplied lube, back inside of him. Didn't hurt. That was probably a good sign. Kuro watched his fingers as he pushed them in and out, still probably expecting to see blood. There wasn't any. That was also probably a good sign. He added his third finger again, more vigorously *stretching* rather than focusing on hitting prostate.

Kuro also tended to Al's erection, teasing it back to full hardness as he fingered him increasingly forcefully once he *had* relocated his prostate and *damn it* Allen didn't care about how much that had hurt; he wanted to try again *right then and there*.

And then Kuro was fully, perfectly molded against his body once more, ready for take two. He kissed Allen, holding his hips *still* this time. Kuro's hand found Allen's again as they exchanged saliva. It was real cute. "Can I...?" Kuro whispered against his lips. Allen only nodded, reclaiming his mouth with his tongue.

Kuro pressed back into him little by little. Slowly, so slowly. Little noises escaped Al as he sweated and and panted and tried not to squirm at the feeling of his body stretching open. The lube was cold, but Kuro was burning hot. Allen was more patient this time, knowing the downside of moving this along quicker, but it-- pun entirely intended-- was a *lot* to take in.

There was Kuro-- on top of him, inside of him. And he was *beautiful*. And imperfect. And all *Allen's*. The smell and taste of his skin, the intimate closeness, the fullness of him moving *further inside*, the sounds of his vocalized pleasure, his hand in Allen's death grip, the combined sound of their ragged breathing louder than the fan that failed to quell any of the heat, his kisses, him, all of him, *Kuro*.

The black-haired boy let out a shaky sigh, *finally* fully inside of his partner. They breathed together for a second, staring into each other's eyes with this mushy, weird, curious sort of *wonder*. Allen resisted the urge to chuckle, give him a pat on the ass and tell him '*We did it! Good job, team!*' For some reason, he was pretty sure Kuro wouldn't appreciate it.

Plus, there was a lot of dick up his ass and he was wanting to know what'd happen if they got it moving. "How're you feelin', doll?" Al asked, voice all raspy and sultry. Kuro's hips twitched a bit and hey Allen wasn't complaining.

"Good," Kuro commented gruffly, squeezing his eyes closed, probably trying to focus elsewhere so he wouldn't come so soon. How cute. Al was so going to mess with him.

"My ass nice and hot and *tight* for ya there, babe?" Allen shifted beneath him, but Kuro's hand firmly held his hip in place and there were probably going to be bruises there in the morning but *fuck* that was hot. Kuro was bright red. "Wanna get movin'?" Al ground out, licking the shell of Kuro's ear.

With a resolve to hold out made of fucking *steel*, Kuro nodded. He pulled out, not quite all the way, and was trying to set a slow pace but accidentally thrust in a lot faster and rougher than he'd intended. It got a moan from the both of them. "Easy there, tiger," Al told him, not really meaning it too much. Kuro nodded again, internally berating himself for his clumsiness. Al thought it was adorable, though.

Sure, Kuro was adorable. Sure, they got to sloppily kissing as Kuro caught a sweet little rhythm that they could both enjoy, not fast, not particularly slow. Sure, Allen was running his hands all over his boyfriend caught up in the intimacy of the moment. Sure, feelings were running amuck all over the place because it kept hitting him that this was *Honda Kuro*. Allen Jones' *Honda Kuro*. All of *that* was *there*, but then came the bit where Kuro adjusted his angle to be more comfortable and he ended up hitting prostate.

And then Allen was keening and moaning and raking his nails down Kuro's back, meeting each thrust eagerly. And Kuro was gasping and sighing, biting down on Al's shoulder and *fuck* it was overwhelming and *fuck* he could feel the need to come building.

Al scratched the *hell* out of Kuro's back, letting Kuro know *exactly* how fantastic of a job he was doing without any coherent sentences and probably being loud enough about it for the neighbors to get concerned. Except, Kuro didn't appreciate the pain in quite the manner that Al was as he exposed more of his neck to be bitten and abused by his boyfriend's mouth. Kuro grunted, reaching up to take back one of Al's hands to hold again. A gentle, subtle suggestion against his actions.

But *fuck* Kuro kept *going*. "*Harder,*" Al whined/demanded/begged. And he *knew* that Allen could take it and *fuck* Allen wanted it. He cut that gentle bullshit and *yep* Allen definitely liked it hard and rough and fast. *Fuck*, Kuro was perfect. Kuro was amazing. He clawed up the length of his boyfriend's spine with his free hand.

Kuro stuttered a bit in his movements. "Allen, *stop*," he growled unhappily at the scratching, which was *also* fucking hot so of course Al wanted to do the opposite. So he scratched up Kuro's *side* instead, feeling the bumps of his ribs under his fingernails as a neat little detail while Kuro took him hard over and over again. Kuro halted, for just a moment, to grab Allen's wrist and forcibly wrestle it down to the bed above his head, knowing that the American sure as hell wasn't going to listen. It took his breath away-- Kuro holding down both hands above his head, buried inside him, those dark eyes glinting in the lamplight. "Do I *really* have to hold you down?" he asked as if he were chastising a child.

"*Please,*" Allen found himself whispering in a broken moan. A flash of surprise crossed Kuro's face, then he looked away unable to keep up the intense eye contact as he blushed.

"Very well, then," Kuro agreed. And he held Allen down and he fucked him hard, both close to losing it.

Allen's cries only increased in volume with the added intensity of being restrained and *shit* he was a kinky motherfucker, wasn't he? Kuro just fucking *went* with it, though. He kissed the auburn-haired boy until he was gasping for air, his pace becoming more frantic as he chased his own orgasm. And he was pounding into Allen's prostate with every thrust and *fuck*, he couldn't hold himself together any longer.

And then he was arching, calling out some garbled nonsense that may have been a cross between a curse and Kuro's name as he came. All over both of their stomachs. Kuro hadn't really registered that, though, because Al had clenched down around Kuro's dick inside of him, sending him right over the edge with him.

They took a second to catch their breaths. Al looked at Kuro. Kuro looked at Al.

“Holy shit,” was what Allen decided to say. It broke the spell. Kuro released his hands, tenderly removing his cock from Al’s ass. He made like he was *going* to collapse beside his boyfriend so they could soak together in their post-orgasmic highs and reflect on the fucking *animalistic* sex that that had dissolved into... (as well as the feelings that had been there)... but then he scrunched his nose in distaste because, ya know, they were covered in cum. Kuro got up and walked out the bedroom.

And Allen was left alone on sweat-soaked sheets, the fan chilling all the bodily fluids that he was covered in.

But he didn’t fucking care. He lied there staring up at his ceiling. Kuro was gone long enough that Allen was about to go into that self-deprecating ‘Why did you think there were feelings there? It was just sex, you moron. You unlovable piece of shit, you fuck up everything for yourself. Look! He doesn’t even want to stay with you afterwards! Probably grabbed his clothes and split!’ spiel when Kuro came back with a washcloth.

He’d cleaned himself off, disposed of the condom, probably took a piss, and now he was back to help out Allen. Oh...

Yeah, that made sense, Allen guessed.

He gave Kuro his shit-eating grin. “You did so well, baby,” he crooned as Kuro helped clean Al’s own semen from his torso. Kuro leaned down and kissed him. Allen let himself melt into it.

“And you weren’t half-bad yourself.” Wow, was that a *compliment*? Kuro kissed him again as he slid underneath Allen’s blankets and pulled it up over the two of them, curling into the American’s side contently. “I find you to be gorgeous, you know that, don’t you?” Kuro asked matter-of-factly, more of a statement than a question. Ooh, pillow talk. That Allen had no idea how to deal with. He just nodded dumbly, putting his arms around his boyfriend. “I don’t tell you often enough,” he continued on quietly after an awkward pause. “But I *do* care about you...” It looked like there was more he wanted to say, but didn’t know how, so he quieted.

“I care about me too,” Allen piped up. *Fucking idiot*. “I mean...” *Why was this so hard?* “Kuro, I like you a lot. Clearly. I mean. I just had your dick up my ass.” Maybe not the best approach. “But like. I care about you too, doll.” A bit better. “I wanna make you happy.” Cheesy. Maybe he should leave it alone. Kuro let the cheesiness slide without torment and nodded. They stayed quiet and just cuddled.

“I apologize for slapping you,” Kuro murmured a while after Allen had thought he’d fallen asleep.

“‘S alright. I deserved it. I’m sorry for not recognizing that Xiao’s drug thing has really impacted your life. Drugs are real shitty.” Hey, that didn’t sound too bad. Kuro said nothing. “But hey, just think about it, though. Neither of us have to have that shit in our lives much longer. Once we graduate, we can get outta this dump together.” The thought brought a thrill

to Allen's heart. He kissed the top of Kuro's head. "Just gotta hold out a lil longer, babycakes. Then we're outta here." Allen hugged him to his chest, effectively passing out like that to the even rise and fall of Kuro's breaths.

Chapter End Notes

don't do drugs, kids

First "I Love You"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Allen dragged his weary ass up the stairs to his apartment, shedding the outer layers of his fast food uniform as he went. He hated the job with a fucking passion, but as a broke-ass college student helping to support two mouths he *needed* the damn job.

Couldn't even get a job at a *vegan* restaurant. No, he was suffering at some chain grease hole fattening up the country and enabling a cruel, wasteful meat industry. They had a grand total of *one* dinky little side salad that he could eat. It was fucking disgusting. It stunk like Allen's personal hell. It offered shitty pay for longass hours dealing with the lowest swamp scum of human beings (whether coworkers or customers). And today they'd just up and decided that *no*, the kid working the nine hour shift with a paper due tomorrow *clearly* didn't need his break because he had his lunch earlier and they were busy. Then he'd gotten yelled at by his supervisor for whining about that. Then he'd gotten yelled at by the manager for yelling back at the supervisor. And on top of all that? The *last fucking customer* that he was obligated to serve was ordering for some bratty bus of kids that couldn't make up their *fucking minds* and then proceeded to waste *more* of his time by arguing over their fucking *expired coupons*.

Fuck the paper; the rough draft would just have to do. He was going to *bed*.

Allen fought with the lock and key and managed to wrestle the door open. *He was home free, baby*. He allowed himself a breather. The day was over. He was home. Everything was going to be alright.

He slipped inside his and Kuro's shared little apartment. Two rooms-- the kitchen and living area making up one, their bedroom being the other. It was charming in that 'it could be worse and I can afford to live here' kind of way.

The TV in front of the couch was on, the light revealing a sight that made the long, shitty day all worth it. Kuro had clearly been *trying* to stay up for him to get home like he usually did, but had drifted off to sleep with his cheek resting on his fist and muscles all tensed and brooding.

Allen flicked off the infomercials that had come on after whatever show Kuro had fallen asleep to. Or maybe he was just watching infomercials. Allen didn't know, didn't care.

Kuro didn't stir at the change in volume, out cold. Al smiled wryly to himself. Adulting sucked ass... Scratch that, sucking ass wasn't that bad. Being an adult, on the other hand, was *real fucked up*. College sucked too, but it was indebting himself to a college that was going to get him out of his shitty job and into a slightly *less* shitty job that paid slightly *more* (hopefully so he could pay off his debt). But, ya know? Kuro made it suck a whole lot less.

And he was fuckin' adorable. What, with his lanky self just hanging around the house in his boxers and one of Allen's t-shirts because he was a thieving little gremlin who knew Al

would never do anything about it.

Allen scooped him up into his arms, resting Kuro's legs on his hips and supporting his ass with his hands. The Japanese boy sighed, hiding his face in Allen's neck, cold hands loosely curling into his shirt. "I didn't mean to fall asleep," Kuro mumbled in some form of an apology, voice thick with sleep.

"S late, babydoll," Allen said, turning his head to kiss his boyfriend's temple as he pushed open the door to their bedroom. "M gonna take a quick shower. You get back to bed," he suggested, laying him down on his side of the bed (Well, he claimed it was 'his' side of the bed, but he always managed to encroach on *Allen's* side anyway).

Kuro, exhausted, was more than willing to listen to Allen's words of advice while the vegan went to attempt to scrub away the greasy fast food odor that Kuro had long stopped bringing attention to. Kuro's job wasn't half-bad. While, like Allen, it wasn't anything he was studying or intended to stick with, Al was pretty sure Kuro still ended up with the long end of the stick between the two of them.

Allen's little sweetheart was, get this, a fucking *librarian*. Sure, he was quiet enough for the job, but it was still fucking hilarious how *well* he got along with the old ladies who'd hired him in a heartbeat. You don't typically picture sly, clever, douchey foxes like Kuro in such a position. Kuro carried himself with the composure of some pompous, holier-than-thou rich person for no other reason than *that was how he was*. The boy should be exchanging millions from one gangster to another or asking for his super spy drink to be shaken not stirred or walking away from explosions without looking back or creating some sleek invention that would bring his enemies to their knees... But instead he was straightening shelves and hushing teenagers for the majority of his day.

Then again, you don't typically picture a vegan working at a nasty fast food chain either.

They were still carving out their places in this damn world. Maybe soon it would start to look more like how they wanted it. But hey, it beat living back at home with his parents.

Allen scrubbed at his skin with his manly-scented soap and washed his hair with Kuro's fancy shampoo that smelled like bamboo and mint or some good shit like that and made his hair real nice and soft. Five minutes of washing the long day down the drain and then he was toweling himself off.

Kuro and him were getting pretty good at this sharing-a-living-space thing. It had its speed bumps every once in awhile, but Al liked it. Buying an apartment together had been a fucking *adventure*, but so worth it. They shared rent, they shared living costs, they studied together, they explored some kinky shit together, they binged Netflix on the couch they bought together, they cuddled up in the same bed at the end of each day, they alternated cooking and cleaning duties, they had their own places for their own shit, and Kuro's alarm woke them both up in the morning for school and work. They were becoming proper domesticated douchebags together and Al wouldn't trade it for that bullshit over-glorified 'bachelor pad' life for anything.

Allen checked his phone as he dug for some clean underwear in his dresser drawer because Dad freaked out if he missed a call or ignored a text. Nothing but the usual kissy face emoji and “Hope you had a wonderful day, Allen!!!! I <3 you!! Nighty night from Papa and me 2 you & Kuro both!!!” Allen shot back a goodnight because it always brightened Dad’s day. Yeah, things weren’t bad back at home. Papa was doing better about not smoking or drinking, so Al got little updates about how proud Dad was of him. Mattie was same-old same-old. Xiao was in this live-in rehab thing because you can only get away with being high in public *so many times*. He kept Kuro updated via Snapchat, which mainly consisted of him taking selfies of himself being a menace. Man, Allen loved that guy. Plus, Xiao had announced that he was symbolically adopting him as his own so there was that.

Al slipped on some briefs, pushing parents and brother-of-boyfriend out of his head.

He had a beautiful man to be getting back to.

Kuro was stretched out on his stomach with his arms under his pillow as the light from the bathroom illuminated him-- either asleep or nearly there. He took a moment to stand there leaning against the dresser. That boy meant so much to him. Fuck, that boy was *everything* to him. Gross, he was all smiley and blushy now. He needed to get to bed. Al flicked off the light, crawling his way into bed in the dark.

It was one of those nights that he felt like cuddling, so he sought out Kuro’s warmth with his hands.

Allen molded himself against Kuro, slinging an arm over his back and dragging him against his chest so he could nuzzle into him. The Japanese boy was pliable in his sleepy state, fitting in Al’s arms like a missing puzzle piece.

Allen wasn’t quite done being a nuisance, so he was pressing little kisses into Kuro’s soft hair as he snuggled into his lil angel. “G’night, babycakes. I love you.”

Wait.

Kuro stirred, turning onto his side and even though Allen couldn’t even see him in the dark he knew that Kuro was peering through the shadows at him. Al found himself stuttering onward because *fuck it all*. “M so in love with you, Kuro baby. I love you *so much*.” He hid his face in his lover’s hair, squeezing his eyes shut. It had all been pretty implied before, but ya see... They’d never *actually* said it. That wasn’t a thing that came easily to Kuro Honda’s or Allen Jones’ lips. But he’d said it. It was so fucking true and *he finally said it*. He *finally* told Kuro. And he held him fiercely there in the dark, heart now very much awake as it thrilled in his chest.

Then came the quiet reply: “I love you too, Allen.”

Yeah, alright, where the *fuck* was his mouth because he was going to kiss him. Allen’s heart had decided to jump rope with his stomach as Kuro found his lips first, fingers on his jawbone.

Al wrapped his arms around Kuro Honda, pushing him closer with hands at the small of his back. Kuro ran his hands through his shower-damp hair, kissing him over and over with a sense of desperation behind his passion. "I love you, Allen Jones," Kuro whispered before diving back into the kiss, Al allowing his tongue into his mouth.

The two pulled away after a while when the hurricane of thoughts and feelings reached a fever pitch for them both. Allen let his hand wander up Kuro's shirt, stroking gently at the soft skin of his back. He wished he could see him. He wished he could look him right in the eyes and say it again and again. He wished *so much* for the both of them and these words felt like the culmination of so much, but how could he show him *how much* Kuro meant to him? He *loved* Kuro Honda. He'd do anything for this guy, for *his* guy. Sure, the job and the schooling were theoretically to better *Allen's* future, but in Allen's *mind* none of it was worth a rat's ass if it didn't mean a brighter future for Kuro right along with him. His future didn't look too bright without Kuro in it. How could it?

And how was he supposed to articulate this to Kuro?

Those big three words were the closest he'd come yet, so he whispered them again into Kuro's neck as they held each other.

Al's heart gradually calmed down as he snuggled with his special guy, leaving him in a satisfied, dreamy afterglow. Exhaustion finally taking him over, Allen drifted to sleep in the arms of the man who loved him.

Allen thought back to that night they had first exchanged those three words as he paced, trying to steady his racing heart. How many fucking years had he been in love with this man? How many years had it been since that night they'd finally admitted it? How *fucking* long...

They'd come so *fucking* far. There had come a day that Allen was finally able to quit that goddamned job without so much as a two-weeks notice. Kuro had beaten him to getting into an actually interesting career, of course, but Allen had *done it* so he left that hellhole with about as much respect for them as they had shown him. Then they'd been able to move. Together. New city, new apartment, new career path, a shining new future for both of them. *Together.*

How many *fucking* years... How *fucking* long had it been...

So why was he *fucking* anxious?

He loved that man with all his being. It went without saying that it was reciprocated by Kuro, but they said it anyway-- something Allen had never so much as imagined for his shitty self. Allen steeled himself. This was ridiculous, he realized. It was ridiculous that he was anxious and it was ridiculous that this hadn't been done sooner. He loved Kuro Honda.

Allen shoved his way through the door of the ring shop, wondering which one would look good on Kuro's hand for the rest of their lives together.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading! Let me know what you thought!

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